

## X-RAY STOVE POLISH

gives a durable, rich, black gloss  
NO DUST  
NO RUST  
NO ODOR  
NO SMOKE  
NO STAINED HANDS  
Easy to use. Price is easy, too.  
**ONLY 10c A BOX**

On Fourth of July our store will be open until noon. No deliveries will be made, however. Order goods for delivery on Monday.

**ASTORIA GROCERY**  
523 Commercial St. Phone Main 881

## THE FOURTH OF JULY IS NIGH

And that is the reason why we call your attention to our pretty  
**WHITE AND LIGHT TRIMMED HATS**  
The prices are right, too.  
And won't make you feel blue.

## THE FAIR

MRS. A. JALOFF, Prop.  
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY  
AT  
Reasonable Prices.  
STAR THEATER BLDG, ASTORIA.

## A DAINTY LUNCHEON DISH

Can be prepared quickly  
**SARATOGA CHIPS**  
30c per pound

**Cherries, Plums**  
and all other seasonable  
**FRUITS and VEGETABLES**

arrive daily by rail and steamer  
We buy only the best and are in a position to sell them at reasonable prices, because we are not hampered with delay in shipments. It will pay you to visit our store at any time, as we always carry an up-to-date stock.

Our chocolate confections please the buying public.

**A. V. ALLEN**  
THE GROCER.  
Tenth and Commercial Streets.  
Branch at Uniontown.

## HEALTHY PLANTS

Require the Most Careful Attention as Well as Good Soil.  
Did you ever see a rosebush which despite the most beneficent environment of soil-of sunshine-and of atmosphere-seemed never to achieve a healthy growth.

A ton of manure will not help a plant that has a canker eating out its heart.

You must destroy the cause before you can remove the effect.

You cannot cure Dandruff and Baldness by rubbing on hair lotions, and rubbing in vaseline, etc.

You must look to the cause of the trouble—it's a germ at the roots of your hair which causes it to fall out.

Newbro's Herpicide destroys the germ, and healthy hair is the sure result.

Sold by leading druggists. Send 15c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

Eagle Drug Store, 351-353 Bond St. Owl Drug Store, 549 Com. St., T. F. Laurin, Prop. "Special Agent."

A shoe to fit,  
And a shoe to wear  
Must be selected  
With taste and care.



## IT IS SAFE

To turn up your trousers, or to wear a walking skirt, when you are dressed in our footwear, no matter where you go.

FOR THE FOURTH

We have serviceable shoes for men, women and children.

**Peterson & Brown**  
521 Commercial Street.

## DESCRIBES HIS TRIP

Herman Wise Tells of Recent Eastern Pilgrimage.

## PREFERS TO LIVE OUT WEST

Well Known Merchant From Tenor of Letter Had the Time of His Life. Is Careful Student of Conditions and Writes Interesting Story.

Yes, I promised to write and describe my trip, but if you ever tried to write an editorial and heard the pressman and the Devil hammering at the old machine while the thermometer was climbing upward; and if you multiply that noise and the heat a hundred fold you will begin to realize the obstacles in my way. Have made several attempts to write, only to lean back weary, perspiring and wishing myself back in Astoria.

Of course, a trip like this has its benefits. One forgets the hundred little details of business while viewing the country through which he travels. I think a person is like a razor: gets dull and needs sharpening, and so a little rubbing against sharper and brighter men than oneself necessarily takes the dull edge off a man.

What did I see? Well, I was gone only a little over three weeks and got only a glimpse of things but I saw and heard enough to give my mind a year's job to digest it all.

On my way East I stopped at Seattle part of a day and found that Queen City full of life and push as usual. If an Oregonian can't go further, he should go to Seattle once in a while and there breathe that spirit which makes men hustle and towns grow and prosper; they recently finished the Alaska block, a beautiful white structure about sixteen stories high, and some large property owner has already started to go his neighbor one better and is working on an eighteen story block.

There I met Fred Keene, formerly of Astoria, who has made his pile on the Sound; also Mr. E. C. Lewis, the man who helped me get a reputation as postmaster, a fine accountant and a loyal friend. Next, I stopped at Spokane for one day. That is another typical Washington city, full of enterprise and being in the heart of a fine country, the only city of consequence for a large wealthy territory, it is easy to predict Spokane's greatness and it is good enough now. There I met the smiling countenance of the best part of Morse' department store the main guy himself. Hello Morse! what yer doin' here? Why, hello, Wise, where in—this heat—do you come from? And over the ice cream soda we talked of dear old Astoria, Morse and me.

But if Morse was pleasant, the trip from Spokane was worse. From Spokane to St. Paul I imagined myself taking the fifth degree of the order of Imps. Have you ever been in a barrel rushed through the steaming room while a score of boilermakers played the anvil chorus on the barrel? Then you can imagine what it meant to sit for several days and nights in a closed car, the thermometer near the 100 mark and the wheels jolting against the rails and going around curves. Still, there are amusing things on the way. At Grand Forks, N. D., they were expecting a large delegation of pioneers to attend the convention of old settlers of the Red river valley. As the train pulled in the crowd at the depot cheered, a brass band blew itself red in the face, while the perspiration streamed down the wrinkles on the neck of the German leader and the reception committee made a rush for our observation car. But there were no settlers on this train. That settled those disappointed Grand Forkers. At Cashmere, a little station this side of Wenatchee, Wash., while everybody and his friend were looking for a cool spot, a lone Indian walked up and down the platform, wearing a pair of buckskin pants, with heavy fur down both sides of the trouser legs. That Injun 'll never go to Hades. It wouldn't be hot enough for him there.

After leaving St. Paul the trip was more pleasant. Less heat, less dust and nice, green, level country. Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio seemed like one grand garden at this time of the year. Just before reaching Cleveland, Ohio, our train skirted beautiful Lake Erie and I almost imagined myself riding along the Columbia. Luna Park, at Cleveland, was all ablaze. Great towers and buildings were illuminated. It seems that a great many Eastern cities have adopted the Pike, or Trail features of the expositions.

They erect many beautiful structures in some park, light them up, and every night during favorable weather the people go there to see the sights and to be amused. Chicago has just finished her "White City," near the World's fair grounds and New York has her "Dream land" and Luna Park, between Coney Island and Manhattan Beach. For 5 or 10 cents a person may ride to these breathing spots and take in many interesting features at 10 cents each two or three or more sights in one night.

A clothing manufacturer of Buffalo, N. Y., took me to Coney Island and I enjoyed the trip immensely. We took the good steamer, Pegasus, and passed scores of brilliantly lighted sky-scrapers and it made a great impression. New York harbor by night. We went on past the statue of Liberty, out to the Atlantic ocean, to near Sandy Hook. The boat rolled, the air was crisp, yet I felt happy, because I could sniff the sea breeze, and because it was more like home.

It seemed strange to be on the Atlantic after more than 25 years. It reminded me of the day when I first saw the shores of this continent, a beardless boy; and for a few minutes I was lost in dreams. I thought of the place where I was born, where happy childhood days were spent, the sod where my father's and my mother's bodies lie buried and I longed to go to that hallowed spot but—like a flash—I remembered the other shore, on the Pacific, my home—where I have lived and labored for a quarter of a century, where my best years were spent, where my loved ones dwell, where each one of my babies were born, where my life's dramas and comedies were enacted, the land where tolerance and reason reign as against the prejudices and despotism of older countries, and the desire to cross the Atlantic for foreign shores gave way to the longing for a return home, my home, my country; God's country.

Talking about Coney Island! It is dreamland for sure. A blaze of light and a marvel of pleasure. It would take a book to describe it all. There's the loop the loop, dip the dip, shoot the chutes, the scenic railway, a trip through Switzerland, through France, Germany and other countries on imitation railways; infant incubators; cowboy and chariot races; the ever-present Arab and his camel; the Bowery ballroom and an act called "Fighting the Fire," in which over 600 people enact Life in a City.

You see buildings all around; children playing in the streets, policemen patrolling their beats, people going into a restaurant and being waited upon; hear church bells chiming and people of all ages and both sexes going to church; Chinese wash houses, where a drunk gets into a fight with Wah Sing; a barber shop where men are getting shaved; a dude getting his shoes shined on the curb; men fighting on the sidewalk. Soon you hear the music of a band and a big Fourth of July celebration procession comes around the corner. The grand marshal, company of soldiers, many civic societies, floats, fire department, one company dressed in modern paid department style, blue shirts, caps, etc., winding up with a company of red-shirted volunteers, led by a drum and fife corps. The women and children wave handkerchiefs and flags from windows and the crowds in the streets cheer. The people resume the ordinary routine of life after the parade has disappeared around a corner and pretty soon a cry of "Fire!" is heard. The fire bell rings and behold! a five-story building is seen to be on fire. Through a window on the top floor we see the curtains burning, hear a woman screaming. She faints as the room fills with smoke. The fire department arrives. Three engines, drawn by horses, a hook and ladder and hose companies are on the spot in a short time. People carry furniture out of the houses; firemen going up ladders; streams of water turned on the building; police and firemen carry women and children down the ladders, and, as the roof falls in a young man, and then a girl jumps from the fourth story window down into outstretched blankets held by firemen. It is all very thrilling and real. Every one, men, women and children, acting so real. This is no picture, it is real life, enacted by people, right before your eyes and it made a vivid impression on my mind. The street cars also run out to the beaches from New York and we returned home on the cars.

The next night we went to "Fort George," a place of amusement out on 198th street, but it does not compare with Coney Island. Most of the theaters are closed during the Summer. Jefferson De Angelis, the great comedian, played in Fantama at the Lyceum and he is very clever. His new song, "Tammany," has made quite a hit, also "You're just my style." These songs, as well as "I Can't do That Sum," from Babes in Toyland, one hears everywhere and when an orchestra strikes up either of those melodies, the people around the tables join in the chorus. I also heard Madam Schuman-Heineck in "The Lottery of Love," a comic opera,

and she is divine. Oh, such singing—and she acts well, too, using a great deal of German and full of life and humor. But it's that grand voice of her's that makes one feel so happy.

The "Hippodrome," the largest theater in the world, is another place I visited. The stage is 200 feet wide and 180 feet deep. The performance represented a traveling three-ring circus and some of the acts were very interesting. For instance, an elephant bowling a game of tenpins. He picks up the ball with his trunk, swings it two or three times and lets go, then he picks up a piece of chalk and on a blackboard makes a number of dashes, one for each pin he knocked down. Another elephant fires a gun at a target; the trained horses were marvelous; acrobats, clowns and the usual features of a circus by the best performers in the world. There's ballet dancing, clowns and comedians, but the house is so large that one can't understand a word, but what you see is sufficient. The Hippodrome is on Broadway and Forty-fourth street and seats over 6000 people. The appointments of this theater are elegant. Oh, I forgot, the show ends up with a battle between union and confederate soldiers. While the rear curtain goes down the floor of the front part of the stage is lowered automatically and the basin fills itself with water, representing a river. Bugles sound, the curtains all go up and union soldiers rush up towards a hill. Both sides exchange shots and the confederates are attacked in the rear by artillery. Cannonading on both sides make a deafening noise. You see flashes of fire, men charging, falling some are bandaged by the Red Cross nurses; others carried away on ambulances; sharp words of command; suddenly cavalry comes galloping along; both sides get to close quarters and it all ends by the confederates rushing into the river, in front of the stage, union cavalry after them. In the midst of the combat there is a shout, the stars and stripes are planted on the hill held by the enemy, the orchestra strikes up the "Star Spangled Banner." Fighting ceases. All unfurl flags, concealed in their breast pockets and the hundreds on the stage sing that soul inspiring air joined by the audience and we go home ready to celebrate the Fourth of July.

I read a funny joke in one of the papers—I think it was the Sun—which perpetrated the following:

Mrs. S.—One of our 400 is so aristocratic that she even "kneads" her bread with her gloves on.

A country paper came back at the Sun and commented: That's nothing. The editor of this paper needs bread with his coat on; he needs bread with his boots on and if the subscribers of this paper don't pay up more promptly he will need bread without anything on.

Of course, this does not apply to any Astoria paper.

The art of tipping is another feature that strikes a westerner. No matter whether you go to a restaurant, a barber shop, or even a bootblack stand, after you are done, another man stands with whisk broom in hand, brushing your hat or clothes expecting a dime or more, even when you go to a wash room to clean up for dinner, wherever you go, the whisk broom man is there. As soon as you take off your coat he fills the basin with water, hands you a towel brushes your coat and hat and extends his mit. It is a nuisance.

Ate dinner at a famous restaurant in Little Hungary, where President Roosevelt was dined recently, the place is not over inviting, but the food is fine and cooked to the queen's taste. Like most of the better cafes, they have instrumental and vocal music for the entertainment of diners. One evening we took in the Ghetto, and of all the din, small and ridiculous sights this home of the Russian and Polish peddlers and traders, takes the cake. Men and women with push carts offering every imaginable thing from a penny's worth of food to a plate of noodle soup in their broken English. While the organ grinders cause hundreds of children to dance in the middle of the street. The Bowery is not the place it used to be. It is about the quietest part of New York now and I noticed "Sharkey's Place" and Kid McCoy's cafe. The Kid has struck it rich; married a very wealthy widow, hence he enjoys life, auto-ing, going to races, etc. I also made the ac-

(Continued on Page Four.)

What Schilling's Best does for a family: saves all care about

and settles those questions once for all.

At your grocer's; moneyback.

All Clothes Bought at Wise's Light Store Pressed Free of Charge Whenever You Wish. A Lewis & Clark Souvenir With Every Purchase of \$2.00 or over.

## You Cannot Celebrate the Fourth.



And do yourself justice without one of our new Spring and Summer suits.

A Beautiful Assortment at \$10 to \$20

## Herman Wise

Astoria's "RELIABLE" Clothier.

## DEUTSCHES HAUS

On the Trail at the Fair Grounds, Portland.

## KRUSE'S Grill Room and Restaurant.

Fourth and Stark Streets, Portland.

## KRUSE'S - BEACH - HOTEL.

Gearhart Park, Clatsop Beach.

Send for Illustrated Menu and Special Daily Bill of Fare. Mailed free upon request. Address all correspondence to THEODORE KRUSE, Fourth and Stark Sts., Portland, Ore.

THEODORE KRUSE, Prop.

Kruse's Restaurant at Fourth and Stark Streets is a popular priced establishment.

Prices at all establishments are within the reach of the purse of the average traveler. Very fair charges at any of the above places, excellence of cuisine and first class service considered.

## CLEANLINESS

is a necessity to perfect Health and an essential element of Happiness.



To prevent sickness and enjoy the comforts of life you should equip your sleeping apartment or dressing chamber with a snowy white, one-piece "Standard" Porcelain Enamelled Lavatory and have running hot and cold water as desired at your touch.

We have samples in our showroom and will gladly quote you prices.

J. A. MONTGOMERY, Astoria, Or.

## AN ASTORIA PRODUCT

Pale Bohemian Beer  
Best In The Northwest

North Pacific Brewing Co.

The Astorian 75c Month.